

Painted Tainted Rose

Al Martino

She was a wild and lovely rose
Oh, how I loved her, heaven knows
But though my heart was true, it would never do
Party life was what she chose

Last night I saw my lovely rose
All painted up in fancy clothes
Her eyes had lost their spark, the years had left their mark
She's just a painted, tainted rose

But though my heart was true, it would never do
Party life was what she chose

Her eyes had lost their spark, the years had left their mark
She's just a

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